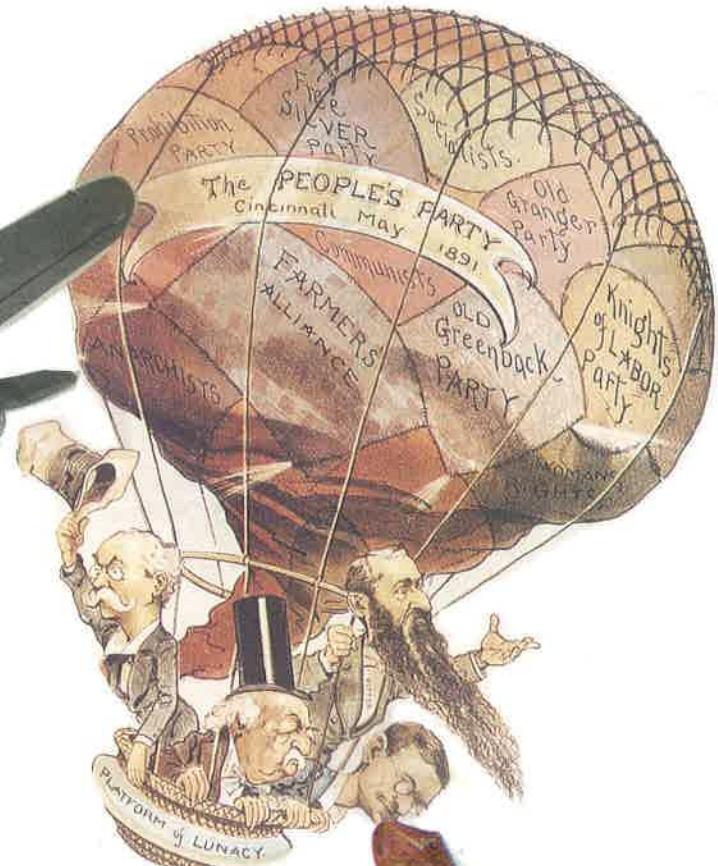
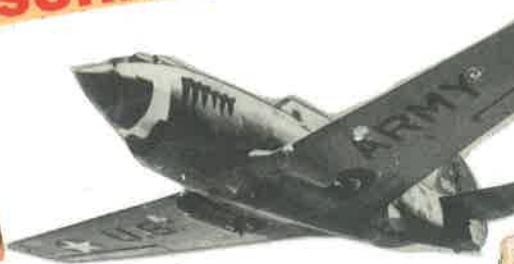


KAMOGI

DON'T REPLACE
RESURFACE



INAPPROPRIATED
THE
PRESS
4
X

Nov. 2016
A.D. 100



Agence

"economy of the latri"
Raoul Hausmann, *Alitterel*.

bomb the
 shit new i phone **bomb** the
 reap of dreams **bomb**
 skidding audi field **bomb** the
 bike-path khaki zipline **bomb**
 new drone delivery peace **bomb**
 -ful expedited gashburst **bomb** the
 npr **bomb** fox **bomb** wall **bomb** -street **bomb**
 sitcom lash free wifi downtown **bomb**
 democracy is great **bomb** swim bomb dive **bomb**
 in buy **bomb** shop **bomb** the
 delivery from amazon their drone **bomb**
 cooking-show **bomb** the
 trickle-down **bomb**
 hometown **bomb** the
 philanthropy **bomb**
 syria **bomb** the siri tell me **bomb** the
 enlightened army with the **bomb**
 gays bleeding equality with everyone else **bomb** the
 touch-screen paradise **bomb** qatar **bomb**
 life **bomb** liberty **bomb** happiness bomb
 equality **bomb** fraternity **bomb** the
 fuckin isis wherever they are **bomb**
 palestine cartoon network home & garden **bomb** the
 downtown development **bomb**
 -profit **bomb** margins **bomb** the
 syria enlightened cia **bomb**
 vote the right way **bomb**
 value chest-clenched **bomb** the
 never fear the ballot- **bomb**
 solve everything
 like acid mana
 skythrust
 vote right
 keep the *blood* over there **bomb**
 keep the *blood* foreign ,theirs
 not ,ours
 vote for the **bomb**
 of peace the **bomb**
 specifics
 sweet democracy
 are up to you
 entirely
apparently

Olchar Lindemann

bomb guzzler
 flowers and bourgeois
 metrics and lack
 napalm or cum rocket
 sixteen stair cases and an evaluation
 1665 tons of pure fire dropped on p
 ick your city
 blow up your cheese plate for
 some dollars
 or fuck

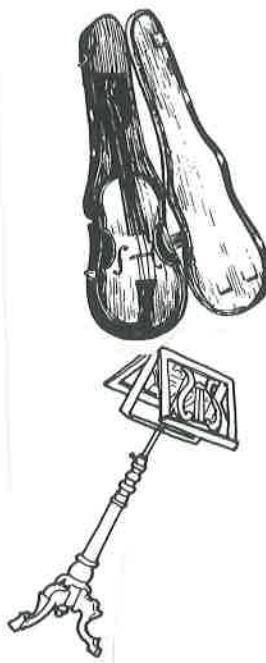
-by Wilhelm Katastrof

zavoum



VIZIMA BRUNS & C. MEHRL BENNETT 2016

-by Jim Jeffwich



nice poems are special and nice.
 Half-nice poems have been
 seduced by pre-qualified
 coalitions.
 does creased coin 150% nice
 help make America great
 again?
 does creased shampoo! USA!
 debate shampoo! USA!
 debate shampoo! USA!
 debate shampoo! USA!

great again?
 does flirting stop your wife
 from making America
 does flirting stop your wife

make America great again?
 from Christian Porridge
 buffer the calf-protector
 does break zit exit kit

great again?
 nice actually anyone
 help make America
 150% woman any
 coin if dense
 creased drive
 does sliced nozzle in

Noisic Elements

Micro-tours, The Stool Sample Ensemble, Speaking Zaum To Power

• Performances at Art Rat Studios, Roanoke, Sept. 19, 2016

Last night I went to the Art Rat to hear Walter Wright and Al Margolis perform on their micro-tour as Elka Bong. I've seen Walter perform a couple of times (in March 2010 at The Water Heater (on the Loup Garou micro-tour: Setheyny Pen - toy piano, percussion; Walter Wright - electronics, video (Setheyny also had a skatchbox, which she didn't play, but she did answer my questions about it, and two years later Tomislav Butkovic and I built a few of them and used them in performances during the 2012 Decentralized Networkers Congress)) and at the Art Rat in March 2013 on the Lak-Wright micro-tour with Stephanie Lak).

Michael Peters and I "published" Al Margolis in a collaboration with Michael entitled Fluffen Jungle Port in the last issue of Xtant, which rather than being a print magazine like the previous 4 Xtants was a cd of sound poetry, but last night was the first time Al and I had met. Hanging out and talking before things got started was good, as always with these events. Unfortunately I had to leave before Elka Bong performed, but I got to hear Olchar Lindsann do a set of sound poems (including some of the "harsh noise poetry" he performed during the 2016 afterMAF -- with influences ranging from Francois Dufrene to the death metal band Cannibal Corpse), and I got to hear Jules Vasylenko play his variety of saxophones (Jules is from England and often reminds me of fellow English free improv saxophonist Evan Parker) accompanied by Walter Wright on percussion (playing a plastic 5 gallon bucket overturned and covered with a cloth).

Soon after I arrived Ralph Eaton, proprietor of the Art Rat venue, approached me and asked if I would be willing to replace Warren Fry, who was ill, in the Stool Sample ensemble. I'm not much of a performer of any kind, but in recent years I've been willing to join in and make a fool of myself in many different guises. I was in attendance when Ralph first unleashed his screeching, scraping noise instrument upon an unsuspecting audience at the 2015 afterMAF. Olchar, Warren and Tomislav were performing a long poem by David Beris Edwards entitled "Don't You Fucking Smile" for the third or fourth time since its debut at the 2010 Marginal Arts Festival. There is a section of indeterminate (seeming interminable in some performances I have witnessed) length during which the performers are silent or humming and either standing or pacing slowly in circles, while the audience members become increasingly uncomfortable. It's a powerful segment of the piece in context. The poem is about power relationships, specifically the power relations between performer and audience, and by extension between author and reader. Ralph's intensely abrasive intervention seemed absolutely perfect to me. Speaking noise to power (or in a sound poetry context: "speaking zaum to power").

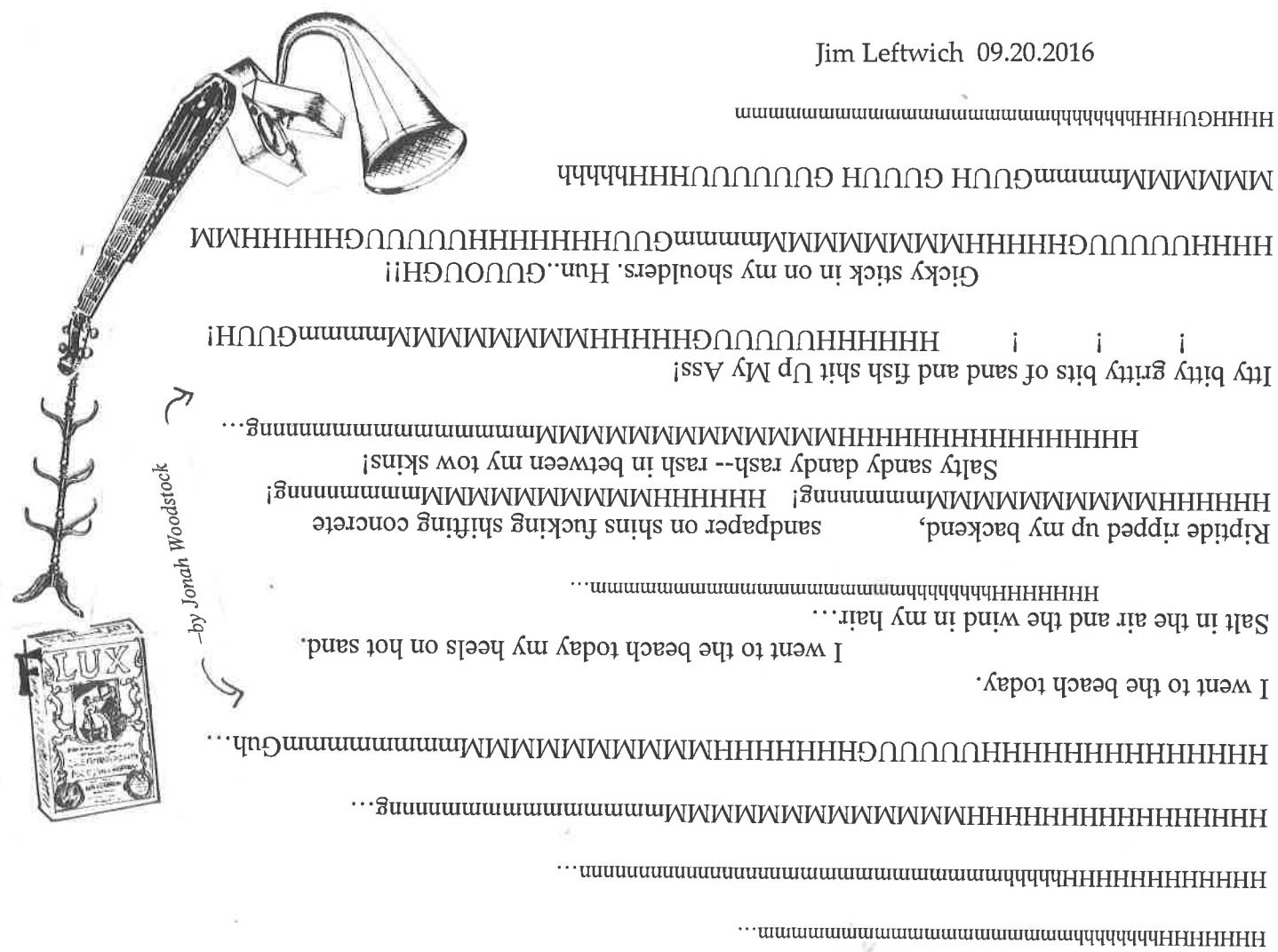
I agreed to play. After maybe 15 minutes of Jules and Walter improvising, someone, Ralph I suppose, was given a cue (by Jules, I think) and the four of us who were playing stools (Ralph, Olchar, Tomislav, and myself) joined in. Four stools scraped across a concrete floor, with improvised

saxophone and junk-kit percussion make quite a racket in the cavernous warehouse space of the Art Rat studios. I hadn't expected to enjoy participating as much as I did.

The last time I heard the Stool Sample ensemble was in early July, during the 2016 afterMAF, when it was also accompanied by Jules on saxophone. Hearing the combination for the first time was an eye-(and ear-) opening experience. When the performance was finished Jules and I were talking about it and we recalled Sun Ra playing the squeaking door on his Strange Strings lp (recorded with the Astro Infinity Arkestra in 1966). Maybe the Sun Ra came to mind because it was a jazz context in which sounds well outside of jazz were being created.

There were moments when I was scraping the stool on the floor in which I found myself thinking about riffs, saxophone-like riffs, as if the screeches and squeaks and scrapes we were making could be controlled, as with any other musical instrument. There were other moments -- long, full moments -- when I wasn't thinking anything at all. What happens when I try to get to that state in writing? Dirty vispo. Cut-and-paste sdvigs. Other constructions and configurations. But it is always a kind of writing-against-itself. Is noise a kind of music-against-itself? I don't think so. Would I think so if I played a musical instrument? I don't think so. I want the noisic poem, and I want it because it is a writing-against-itself. Noise as music is not sound against itself. The objects of the world contain sounds waiting to be released. The words of the world contain letters waiting to be released.

Jim Leftwich 09.20.2016



Those pizza balls are festering up some bubbles in my tum tum. I got gobbled down the goo cheesy pep and greasy. Forming a pit tastic split up knotted ball of hot fire and oil and slightly hot spaghetti sauce I'm tow tapping, finger tapping, key tapping. I want for he window lines to be the way they are. uneven Steven venetian blinds are what fills my mind box. My brain cage, my thinker case, my synapse trap, my grey matter soup platter, my cranial cavity cavity. I'm cascading with a cadent of redundant pungent frootloops. I swing hoop on my door trap I lick an icicle, and my tongue gets stuck. I forget a line of my next draft and, suddenly, my tongue gets stuck. I'm a bashed up pablano pepper that's been on the vine for too long. Ants nibble my various bits leaving white chomp marks all along my skin flesh seeds and pith. I am a door nob on a fire door.

When I got o the dog park I don't like to pick up my doggies droppings. I leave them there, lingering stinkers on the green face of the pumped up fuzzy scuzzly butt. People will step in my dogs shit and it will ruin their day. People will see it and think to themselves "oh how dare he, that man as a damn piece of shit. And I will be made from my dog, which I feed. Thus I make myself. I am an infinite loop and thus I cannot die. That is unless I turn white and begging to dry out and eventually crumble over the weight of a raindrop. Or the push of some other, not important, owner's dog's nose.

Why is it that whenever you see celebrities on the TV they always have eyes? Why is it that Whoever's eyes are really in their socket holes are transfixed in an information wave of delectable deserts. Like I'm a fucking blackberry what grew on the side of the road- the kind that your mom tells you not to eat because there's exhaust in it. And here I am put in front of a boob tube and told "you can achieve great things" by the fucking millionaire local, organic, non GMO FUCKIN' strawberries dipped in sustainable, fair trade chocolate bar meltings. Like what? Do you see me with a stream of seed? Do I have any fucking pompous ass TV strawberries on MY VINE? NO! all I got Is a fucking Derry queen wrapper what blew in the wind here two weeks ago during the storm! The same storm that broke me when I was a weak piece of shit.

-by Jonah Woodstock

by Reid Wood

Frog Apoplexy in Zero Gravity

un coup d'etat in the zine house leaning
-- Olchar E. Lindsann

Do More
 Do Less



When Simon burns down Los Angeles, you'll hear the walking tomtoms stepping "onto" space, an engineering feat, side by yardstick to a tonal graph, the cellphone synthesizer, the pocket protector that gets all the babes (tender gums) Poker table & chairs off Sandusky, phonebooths lost in a real rain localized near my old pharmacy, a bowling ball wired for surveillance and random explosions The traintracks are recovering after being hit by a teenage girl's car, may cause drowsiness, external use only, eat yer hat, my car the mother, it's about the void, it feels like heaven

It's such a problem

Michael Dec
9.21.16

the barn
- For Wilhelm Katastrof

the dream of being a clown attacked by a man with a crowbar is the dream of a fence of mirrors; the dream of a mirror fence is a dream of a train traveling upside down which is not the dream of a tunnel but a dream of the fridge you slept in as a child

ProeGress

"épris du grand public, des formes étranges et maniérées qui sont pas compris hors du cercle, et pour ainsi dire, une sorte d'argot maço"

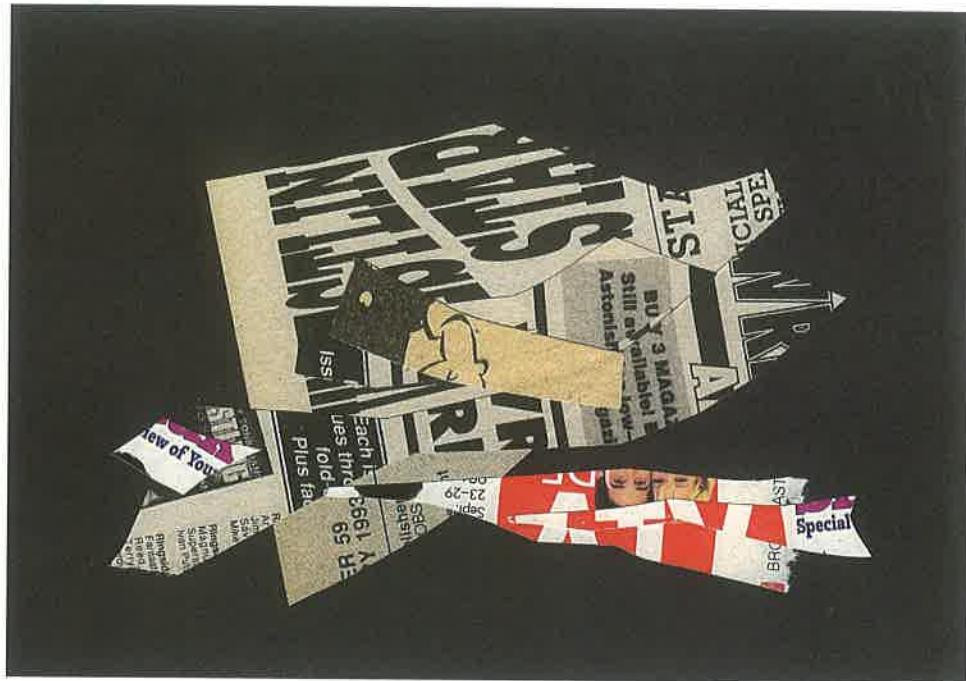
Saint-Beuve, Letter to Gérard.

"he hernia of speech would go right to work on i"

Blaster Ackerman, Letter to Johnee

that public great
in hacked up colonies you see
you speech you circle
back to school you classical
(and the commune drenched in
SANG to the hilt up) TUNES
back in line you see ol
Marx ol Freud got nothin on
ol oppenheimer haiti
speaks french improper
scientific public bene
ficient as youtube
s LAVE you drive to
work or bus it needn't
walk you see that's just
how kindly all the science are
like an ol umbrel LA
VOITURE don't even
know what the fuck you
mean you scound
rel reason FORT h th e
macaroni bombs you
meet the parents kill the
proles you vulture VENT
ure masque intent ignore
THOSE SPLENDID GENTS
WHO FORGED THE CHAINS
JUST FOR YOU talk decent won't you
vote you work you write like
rea SON able crawlers caught
a-shirking in the shadows you
ignore us like we ain't no public
making our reasoned HEADS
ACHE like we weren't even
the new GOD you need to shut
up and get the fuck to

work

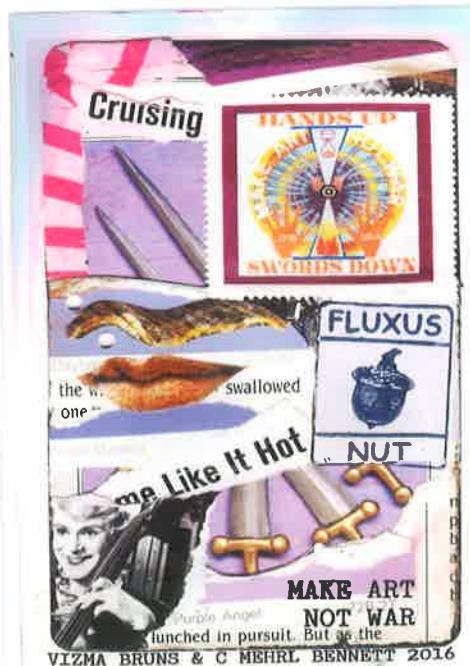


Musicmaster

-Edwin Birch



Goodbye!
Fifteen candied crenellations
escorts the Young Obama to his
smiling outragously as he
erotically native now
neck out like it were sudden halberds
there he goes
w/ plumb adjacent to the baker's truss
durying as digested
happy as a bocked lamb



Mist Split



Billy Bob Beamer "Word Dust, Untitled" Reception

Thursday, October 13 at 5:30 PM - 8 PM

Humanities Gallery, Virginia Western Community College, 3082 Colonial Ave. Roanoke, VA.

It's good to see the traditions of visual poetry (represented in textimagepoems as a centerpoint for the meeting of text and image, arriving from many directions, eg., from text/literature/poetry towards image as well as from image/collage/drawing towards text) and asemic writing (as a writing-against-itself towards subletteral shapes and quasi-alphabetical marks, and as drawing moving towards a mimicry of writing, a gestural and letteral improvisational calligraphy) in the context of an art gallery -- better than that, an art gallery in a community college (with students from a class next door wandering into the opening).

The presence of several one-of-a-kind artists' books suggests that this exhibit is as much about reading as it is about looking (the choice to display work in books rather than on walls reminds me of something I've heard Bill say on several occasions, that he thinks much of his work belongs in libraries rather than in museums).

Also on display were a couple of collaborative TLPs (tacky little pamphlets, one sheet of paper, folded twice, stapled at the side, and cut along the upper crease) from Luna Bisonte Prods. TLPs still have an air of the underground about them. They remind us of traditions like samizdat, the eternal network, bootlegs, maybe even 19th century Belgian pirate editions of the early French avant-garde. As a poet and a publisher of print magazines, and as one who has spent a bit of time and effort compiling and disseminating online books, zines, and collections, I think a lot about getting work into circulation, getting it to people who function as nodes in networks, getting it into the hands of as many of those who might care about it as possible. How will a work be distributed, and how will it be preserved? The people who function as nodes in networks also function as distributors of works that circulate in those networks. Many of the people who function as nodes in the networks also function as archivists of works that circulate in the networks. And many of us also function as historiographers, critics and theorists of the work. Not to mention the fact that almost everyone who participates in the networks at all makes work that circulates in those networks. That's how almost everyone gets involved, by making work and sending it out. This is not limited to the mail art network. It is true of the network of networks, which has included the small press poetry network, the cassette culture network, numerous zine networks, and others I am forgetting or neglecting at the moment. The books and TLPs on display here seem to encourage and at least potentially reward the thinking and the activities I am describing here.

Work worth attending to at all deserves and requires study. We should all have been taking notes, at least mental notes in and of the territory, as maps for our later selves, to guide us as we attempt to follow all of the routes leading out from this exhibit space.

Jim Leftwich

Chapter XVII

dac linnet,
Or George Swallowed the Plunger
Wall the cat pumpkin in something
Resembling Pseudo-Noble Causes

"Flexible cast iron is the future, son."

contortion vortex generator monitor ON
in sixteen variant frames of earthly menace
i didn't, it was a ham ball, oh the degeneration
(hambone for hamhock's saké)
translation of pudding agendas
vacuum of rages treated with oily rags by the furnace
(canker sore for sore's sake)
on haiti cuba Martinique magnetic North Pole
Elves wearing silly bow-ties
(manhole-cover for elves' sake)
fracking in the basement's craw fer chrissake
i caressed the scaly stove
(christ for christ's sake)
Shaved, beef hat tilted & tipped to a goodbye Pork Pi
at the hub of all salvia divinorum
(French--splashing for trench coat's sake)
chilling in the burger burglar bunker
is a vote for rutabaga blimps
(fatuous sunbeams for snokones the drive-in state)
normal as antelopes
they waffle on the wharves where eggs fry & eat them
(art for anti-'s sake)
didn't you take
the chicken theology thermometer down last
night, out?
(
petty thief
) a pony in warping skies

Olchar E. Lindsann

Michael Dec

8.25.16

mixedited by MD

John M. Bennett: "wow, amazingly and	pacchamama de tu caca
Mouth of your poosama	pacchamama de tu caca
Finger of your scullion-clickmasa	boca de tu cacama
Eye of your fermiente medilky mama	dedo de tu picchemama
Put your pandora-boxmama	oso de tu pulquemama
The wind of your fearhemama	diccho de tu pandormama
Year of your thoughtmama	viento de tu plummama
Shell of your bicylemama	viendo de tu pandormama
Gleam of your watermama	cascarra de tu andasma
Gate of your firemama	fligero de tu aguamama
Hand of your mamama	puerta de tu flegosama
Fire your dreamama	mano de tu mamasama
Footwear for your nightmama	lumbre de tu sohama
Branch of your frogama	calzado de tu nochemama
Nap of your penismama	rama de tu ranamama
Elbow of your painmama	siesta de tu penemama
Of course your fallinigma	rumbo de tu dolormama
Written from your petrolmama	codo de tu dolorama
The blood of your borngamama	escrito de tu petrolmama
Face of your nothingmama	sangre de tu nacimama
Poo of your bottlemama	cara de tu nadama

Jim Leswiche on October 21 @3:35 pm with more than a little help from Google translate...

-Jonah Woodstock

pretty ok...

I want to be a Notchingmancer- to wave my digits and be one with the not. with the un. with the without. My Robe would be as beautiful as a night sky without stars. I'd wear a pointy hat, and have scrolls with notching on them. I want to close my eyes, and not be blinded by copious electrified colors. I would live notching. Of course, what is time to a Notchingmancer? it's the same as everythign else, which is to say, however, because, what is life to a Notchingmancer? life if not tracheroous? there are VoidGobblers, notching. Of course, what is the life of a Notchingmancer's life if not tracheroous? the more i think about it, i guess my normal filled life is space Pincers, and Vas Deferens. You know... the more i think about it, i guess my normal filled life is

BUSINESS CARDS FROM RIYADH

business cards are very very very very popular in this country here

Huge Koran section and a bunch of stuff to dig thru



Card for a used book store I like visiting.



Antique Shop down near clock
Tower - Probably got ripped off

لائحة صياغات مختصرة



سوق كيرالا - الرياض - البطحاء - رادو غلي
Batha Kerala Market - Safa Makkah 1 - Rado Goli - Near Safa Makkah Family Doctor

Hung out at this place in AL
Baths for a bit w/ some guys
from Bansko, Bulgaria.

Lab and Studio Photography
Selling cameras and gifts
Photography - Enlarge
Packaging - pottery events
Albums processing - Frames
Processors & Print
Video shooting and editing w
Department for souvenirs

معمل و استوديو تصوير هوتوغرافيا
بيع الكاميرات واللينيا
تصوير - تكبير
تلثيف - تصوير للنماذج
تجهيز البوابات - بروابير
تصفيض وطباعة
تصوير الفيديو وعمل المونتاج
قسم للموسيقى التشكيلية

My "GO TO" photo place is
AC Photo.



Bought a cool head. Painted out

TRUNK here. Duke was friendly

1. *What is the relationship between the two concepts of the state?*



Used to go here a lot when I arrived. A far drive for coffee.



I have no idea where this came from.



Was soon set a philosophy
inc sign made here.

Had awkward conversations here

Anti-Toast to AfterMAF 2016 (A.Da. 100)

To everyone who participated, performed, organized and collaborated to make AfterMAF 2016 such a fucking blast! Here's to Michael Peters and Evan Damerow, festival roommates extraordinare, trash worshiping, zoic circumnavigating comrades in barms! Here's to show stopping Bela Grimm; bringer of candied skulls, Shrubs and Meads, nectars of the goddess, Catherine Mehrl Bennett and Jim Leftwich anti-installation dynamos, Matt Ames foreign correspondent of the anti-abroad - in the cradle of ILLivization, Scott MacLeod and his screened extremes n' anti-histories, Mr. Thursday & Warren Fry-acephalic master smokers, Tom Cassidy for his bounty of musical mastery and kitchen bolstering donations, Shelly Smith's fluid investigation crafts and Megan Blafas-Chriss's foot-caged wonder and wunder-kind Juanita - the visuo-mancers of Wilheim Katastrof's curatorial laurel, brandished ala liminal; the man's an anti-saint of exhibition! Here's to the Art Rat performers, the deliberate dabbling of Seabird's Ojos Locos and Alex Letizia, Jules Vasylenko's sax-ama-fun, stool sampling madness, Tatsuya Nakatani in the percussion-sweet pocket, Jim Es and Flandrew Fleisenberg's sense-irrational noise libations and open improve love-shaking, the Dad's Milk and solo ministrations of cosmic-absurdites Jonah Woodstock and Swade Best, Cambria McMillan-Zapf and Eric Wollersberger's epic muse-movement mastery, John M. Bennett's dream caught meditations and Be Blank maestro-ings, Reid Wood's flux-it inspired antics and doughnut-negotiations, Bill Beamer, Wilheim, John M and Heath Nevergold IN the At The Moment No Idea - flirting the ends of the undoings of sound, Second Órder Logicians Heath and Bob Bailey and, Olchar E. Lindsann, every-when at once in lectures, archives, throats, clown shoes (berserker of the anti!) and the organizing orgy of it all, boundless in generosity and inspiration! And here's to Bradley Chriss's indefatigable nurture-mancy; I'm still digesting the edible performances of his life-giving delectables, and Tim Yaddow's bacchanalian spirit barrages, Stephanie Martin's virtual aids and born-day funmakers, John William McBroom's lent, tonal tomes and Simon Nolen's on the spot technical advice! And finally, where would all of this be without the Art Rat Studio itself, Brian Counihan's space-stewarding gifts and Ralph Eaton's ratmospheric, rat-historical, stool symphonic, shoe stampeding husbandry of the absurd? Dare I say, somewhere a lot less awesome. A billion thanks to you ALL!

Here's to AfterMAF 2017!

 nice sizzle?
 increase drivel
 confidence?
 any woman 150%
 anyone actually nice?
 here now?
 help make this
 BREAKXIT, BUFFET , and HALF
 Protection from Christian Marriage--
 Make my Wife Stop Flirting
 Nice poems on special
 Half reduced by pre-qualified
 coalitions

by Diane Keys

by Warren Fry, on behalf of the entire Roanoke avant-garde!

-Evan Damerow

She of tumbling brook
pale faced and forced to make
merry upon the shelves of rock that lie above the
sea below her kinky hair all black and done in Platits
done up to show pale nape of neck exposed